King: How high a pitch his resolution is
Thomas of Norfolke, ie sayest thou to the
Mow: Oh let my soveraigne turne away
and bid his eares a little while be deafe
Till I have told this slander of his blood
How God and good men hate so foule a
King: Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and
Were he our brother, nay, our kingdome, he
As he is but our fathers brothers sonne,
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow
Such neighbour-nearenesse to our sacred
Should nothing priviledge him, nor pate
The untopping firmenesse of our upright
He is our subject (Mowbray) so art thou
Free speech and feardlesse, I to thee
Mow: Then Bullingbroke as low as
Through the false passage of thy throat
Three parts of that receipt I had for Calais
Disburst I do his highnesse souldiers;
The other part reserved I by consent,
For that my Soveraigne Liege was in my debt,
Upon remainder of a dean account,
Since last I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now swallow downe that lye. For Gloster death
(End of 4th side)
I slew him not; but to mine own disgrace
Neglected my sworne duty in that case.
For you my Noble Lord of Lancaster,
The honourable father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambush for your life,
A trespasse that doth vex my grieved soule:
But ere I last received the Sacrament,
I did confesse it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the rest appeal'd
It